

He's Not The Messiah!

by Spannerspoon

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Summary: He's a very naughty boy! The villagers of Berk might be impressed by the loud explosions and fireworks that always seem to precede a new Hiccup invention, but Stoick is less pleasedâ€¦

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****SUMMARY****: He's a very naughty boy! The villagers of Berk might be impressed by the loud explosions and fireworks that always seem to precede a new Hiccup invention, but Stoick is less pleasedâ€¦

****AN:** It appears I was on a bit of a writing binge this morning, two new stories in a day! This was another Monty Python inspired one-shot. After writing DFSMAP, my brain decided to yell more Monty Python quotes at me, and as soon as I thought of this oneâ€¦ well â€¦ see for yourself!**

Enjoy!

****HNTM HNTM HNTM HNTM HNTM****

BOOM!

As a large explosion shook the village of Berk for the second time that day, many of the residents turned to each other to comment on the strangely regular occurrence;

"That'll be another great invention in the works."

"I always said that boy was a mad genius, didn't I Phlegma?"

"You certainly always said he was mad."

"Wonder what he's creating now?"

"Maybe a new weapon against the Outcasts?"

But as thick, heavy black smoke began to ooze out of the largest house in the village, only one thought crossed everyone's mind.

"Stoick's not going to be pleased about thisâ€¦"

****HNTM HNTM HNTM HNTM HNTM****

Across the village, and coincidentally the place where the black smoke clouds were coming from, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III stumbled out of the Haddock home coughing and spluttering. Bounding behind the gangly teen came a black, cat-like dragon named Toothless the Night Fury. Waving a hand in front of his face to clear the air, Hiccup turned to his best friend with a slightly maniacal grin in place.

"It worked!" he crowed, his fist punching the air in celebration as Toothless danced around him. "If we set a few of these smokers by the docks, maybe some on a few of the beaches too, there's no way Alvin will be able to dock here!" The fishbone turned to watch as the smoke billowed out of the doors and windows, sinking to form a thick, opaque layer taller than a man standing. "And it's low enough that we'll be able to fly over it and pick the Outcasts off!"

Hiccup's grin sank into a thoughtful frown. "Maybe I should add some pepper to the powder. What do you think bud? It'll make their eyes water and make it harder for them to seeâ€¦ but then it could give our fighters the same problemsâ€¦ maybe a mask?"

Toothless barked in agreement, not entirely sure as to what he was agreeing to, but if it made his friend happy he found he didn't really care. As a point of note, it was normally Toothless' suggestions that caused the majority of explosions on Berk. Toothless was a highly intelligent dragon, but unfortunately for Stoick, his knowledge in pyrotechnics did not really extend beyond his natural fire-making abilities. He could make gas and then light it. Simple. How was he supposed to know that mixing Hiccup's charcoal, sulphur and an odd powder Hiccup called saltpetre would make a fantastic explosion if a dragon happened to sneeze a spark into it? And it wasn't his fault if Hiccup had misinterpreted when he shook his head to clear the smell of sulphur from his nose as a nod! (Toothless had a sneaking suspicion that Hiccup had already known about this mixture and had used it to give extra power to his bola cannon. In fact, as far as Toothless was concerned, Hiccup had just wanted to blow things up. The boy would have made a great dragonâ€¦)

Hiccup grinned at his friend, wiping his powder-covered hands on his leggings to clean them a bit. The terrific BANG the powder made as it ignited had been fairly spectacular. It had taken a few tries though, seems only dragon fire could get it going. But when it didâ€¦ wow! Hiccup would be willing to bet that the explosion could probably have been heard the other side of the-

Hiccup froze. Oh Thor. He was in for it now.

An ear-splitting roar echoed around the village as Thornado and Chief Stoick flew swiftly towards their smouldering home. The pair landed with a heavy _THUD_ on the grass by the front door, silently watching the thick clouds belching out of the house. Hiccup winced.

"Sorryâ€¦Dad."

Hiccup's eyes nervously followed the still blooming clouds, mentally cataloguing the shapes, formations and the time since the initial explosion, maybe the extra pepper wouldn't be needed..? His eyes darted quickly towards his still silent father. Stoick's face was a mask of quiet fury.

"Okay but I can stop the Outcasts."

Stoick's meaty hand shot out and roughly grasped the back of Hiccup's shirt, tugging back into the smoky house. Thankfully for the Haddock's, the majority of the smoke had now left the house and was working its way to the docks via the village. Hiccup mentally noted to ask around how the smog felt; did it hold its shape the further it travelled? How far could you really see in it? Would pepper-

Stoick cleared his throat, raising an eyebrow at his distracted son.

"Ah, it's not like the last few times Dad, I've got the formulas right this time! And nothing's on fire, I've no major burns, and the last of the smoke should be gone in a couple of, ermâ€¦hours?"

Hiccup's father did not look reassured by this guestimate. His face, if anything, became stonier than it had looked when he and Thornado had arrived. Speaking of, Hiccup could really do with his dragon friends' support right now! But it looked as if the Thunderdrum and Night Fury had had their own ideas about the impending talk and had scarpered. Useless reptiles. Hiccup swallowed thickly, trying to figure out how he could fix this awkwardness in the room, without causing his Dad to blow up at him. That was one explosion Hiccup had spent his life trying to avoid, albeit fairly unsuccessfully.

Clearing his throat nervously in the face of Stoick's silence, Hiccup attempted to explain his experiment. Granted this had never worked in the past, but communication between them had improved greatly since the whole Red-Death-and-Hiccup-nearly-dying thing.

"It's only a few mixed powders Dad, and they can only be lit by dragon fire, I know 'cause I tested it a LOT before we got it to work, and then this powder makes these great plumes of smoke clouds, well I guess you've seen those, and all we need to do is to place a few barrels of this stuff on the beaches and the docks, so if Alvin and the Outcasts try to land here again they won't be able to see, and the smoke stays at a low level so we can use the dragons and attack from above and pick them off and-"

Stoick had to force himself not to smile at Hiccup's rant. In truth, he was proud of his boy and his inventions. Some of his ideas had definitely made life on Berk infinitely better, like making peace with the dragons and this new defensive weapon against the Outcasts,

but how many times had he faced the destruction of his home or Gobber's smithy during the testing process? How many times had Hiccup burnt himself, or been sliced with exploded shrapnel because of a 'mild calibration issue'?

Stoick fought the urge to sigh. It didn't help that the village were lauding him as the messiah, sent from Odin and Weiland to reward their faith and to be the mighty Dragon Conquer: Defender of Berk! Of course, they only saw the finished products and maybe the odd explosion. They didn't have to rebuild parts of their house after 'too much sulphur' (whatever that was) or 'a slight calibration problem' or worse come home after a long day to find their son wrapped up in far more bandages when they had left. Odin help him, Stoick loved his son, and by Thor the past few years had been rough. By the Gods Stoick had almost lost him! You'd think losing a limb would be enough of a hint to ease up on the deadly experiments! But no, the boy was ever the boar-headed stubborn Viking his father was. The two-block headache that was his son would be the death of him, but Stoick had to admit he was proud of the little fishbone. This latest invention would definitely be a boon if Alvin attacked again, but the state of the house and worse Hiccup's room! Black soot covered every surface, caking everything it had touched. To Stoick it was just like the messes he had made in younger years, Hiccup wasn't the messiah, he was a very naughty boy!

Suppressing another sigh, Stoick tuned back in to what the boy was saying. After it was a father's job to listen to their son without ever letting on that he's heard a word. Focusing back on his son, Stoick was amused to see Hiccup's whole body posture had changed. His shoulders were back and proud as he paced a short distance in of his father, hands waving enthusiastically as he walked, sketching ideas in the thin (or at least thinner than it was) air.

"-so I thought if I added some pepper to the mix it might choke them a little bit and make their eyes water so they could see or fight so well, but I thought it might affect our fighters too so I was playing around with the idea of maybe a mask and maybe some sort of clear eye covering, or at least smaller eye slits, might restrict vision, but not as much as watering eyes, and maybe-"

"Hiccup, just, stop." Stoick had to swallow a laugh at his son's surprised / panicked expression. Obviously the boy had forgotten he was trying to distract and placate his father and instead had allowed his mind to work through and sound out further ideas. Stoick's amusement died as he spotted another set of fresh bandages on his son's wrist, lightly spotted with red. "Every time you start inventing, disaster follows! Just look at the house Hiccup! Look at your arm!"

Hiccup hastily tugged his shirt sleeve over the offending bandage and tried to hide his arm behind his back. "Look, it's nothing Dad. Just a mild blast-back issue! But we can fix that by putting the powder in barrels rather than open on a desk. And it wasn't Toothless' fault, we didn't know how much fire we needed and well, it hadn't ignited properly with normal fire, so maybe a plasma blast wasn't my best idea but-"

"Hiccup!"

Hiccup's mouth snapped closed as his gaze dropped to his feet. The

perfect pose of a chastised child. How many times had the two of them played this scene? How many times had Stoick treated Hiccup like a naughty boy when he'd only been trying to help? How many times had Stoick pushed Hiccup into his place, to almost lose the boy? Stoick did love his son, and he was proud of him. He was nearly a man now, wasn't it about time Stoick stopped chastising and started supporting? After all, this smoke powder was a good idea, and nothing was on fire, and Hiccup's wrist really didn't look too badâ€|

Shaking his head, Stoick rested a heavy hand rested on his son's thin shoulder. "Ah son, what am I goin' t' do wit' you?" he smiled fondly at the younger man, "Well we'd better get this mess cleared up" Stoick pulled Hiccup close and ruffled his hair. "I am proud of you son, and this idea of yours could really help Berk's defences."

Hiccup smiled up at the older man, "Thanks Dad."

Feeling the sentimental moment had gone on long enough, Stoick slapped his son's back, almost pitching the gangly male to the floor.

"Well let's start. The sooner we finish this, the sooner you can start building your own workshop."

Hiccup's eyes lit up. Stoick could almost see the scale plans and measurements scanning across his brain.

The chief laughed, patting his son on the back again, "After all, the sooner your experiments move out, the safer my house will be!"

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****AN:** Yay another fic! I quite like the fluffiness I snuck into the ending there, I'd wanted to do a Father Son fic but hadn't quite got the right idea for it, but I think this worked well! Again, more madness from the Monty Python â€" if you haven't seen life of Brian, do so, it's hilarious (and utterly mad!)

****Hope you enjoyed and can't wait to hear what you think!****

Love and hugs!

Spannerspoon out.

End
file.